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Killer Dame

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Chapter 1 by Phantim

Detective Rod "R-Dog" Rodriguez sat in the yard across the street watching. He had been following the woman for weeks. He didn't work for the police, no, he was a private detective. He had been hired to follow what had at first seemed to be a totally normal young woman. Sitting now in the rain, watching her murder... he felt differently. Now it makes sense why he was hired... but how could his employer have known? He pulls out a small cellphone, scrolling through the history he finds the number he is looking for. He presses call and lifts the phone to his ear.

"What are you doing calling me at 2am?" a groggy voice answers on the other end.

"You said to call if anything happened... well, something definitely happened." the private eye said.

"Ah... good. Where is she now?" the voice asked, suddenly sounding more awake.

He was about to answer, but when he looked by up at the house she was at the window, staring out. Staring at him.

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Chapter 2 by Quint Tschin

Rodriguez was a tough cop. He had seen a lot of women. But there was something different about this woman, she was evil. Her piercing glare traveled to the back of

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his head and he shuttered.

"Rodriguez, Rodriguez you there?!" He hung up the phone, when he looked back at the window she was gone. He got up from the park bench, his pants soggy and glanced back up at the window. She was gone, 'That sonuva bitch' he thought to himself.

Rodriguez crossed the street, it was starting to rain harder and he heard thunder in the distance. The setting was dreary, her home dark in the bleak night. He walked up her stairs, past the blood stain on her porch, and kicked her door in.

Chapter 3 by Double_A



Rodriguez had witnessed some horrifying scenes before, but not one that comes close to what lies before his eyes in the young woman's living room. The mansion was very elegant, probably an inheritance, but the room had blood splattered everywhere.

A young man's body was sprawled out on a couch in impossible angles, his white shirt stained with blood. There were razor cuts on his face probably from the razor blade stuck in his left eye. Then there were the multiple stabs on his torso. His body was cold and pale and the blood was hard and sticky, so it seems like his was dead for almost a day.

Just then Rodriguez heard footsteps from the stairs that lead upstairs. The young lady coming down the stairs halted and gave him that death stare. A chill ran down his spine. He had no weapon, neither did she. But something told him to run. Something inside cried 'Danger'. He ran outside the mansion, unsteady on his feet. He could hear his heartbeat in his ears. He ran to his car in the dark and locked himself in.

He picked up his phone and called that number again.

"Rodriguez! You alright?" the man asked.

"The hell!!! That woman is a straight psychopath! She's evil! She killed a man!"

"Killed?"

"Yes! And horribly!" Rodriguez exclaimed. "I'm driving home."

He hastily hung the call up and drove home.

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